

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WHERE HORACE GREELEY WORKED
HARD IN EARLY LIFE.

New Incidents About the Great Editor—His Recurritaries and Awkwardness—Reply to an Importuning Missionary—His Only Surviving Brother.

(Special Correspondence.)

PANAMA, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The old Greeley homestead, standing on the line between Pennsylvania and New York is the mecca each year of many curious pilgrims. There is nothing especially attractive about the place. The house itself is of the stereotyped architecture of this region, being "an upright and an L," with a sunken porch. Its weather beaten front has the patient, plodding expression of the average farmhouse. A few lilac, pear and apple trees dot its unkempt lawn. A lane at one side leads to the struggling barns and outbuildings. It is a dreary enough place, high up on a lonely ridge, across which the winter winds shriek dismally, and yet it was the old house which the great editor worked hard to save for his aged parents' last days.

The only surviving brother of Horace Greeley lives there. Barnes Greeley is 79, tall, loosely jointed, shambling of gait, with snowy hair and beard, mild blue eyes, peaceful visage and a tongue that is the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet discovered.

There are many of the Greeleys' old neighbors living in this region who tell interesting tales of the life of this eccentric family and of Horace's younger days. Very many people are of the opinion that Horace Greeley's eccentricities were mere affectations—part of his stock in trade, as it were—but this opinion would be quickly dispelled by a chat with the old Champaign settlers who knew the habits, manners and customs of this curious family.

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The first time I ever saw Horace Greeley is definitely stamped on my memory," said so-and-so to the writer a few days since. "He had begun to write for The Jeffersonian, a little two-leaflet paper published in New York. He was home on a visit to his parents. My father and I were invited to spend a day and night at the Greeley homestead. We rode 15 miles on horseback, and when we finally reached our destination a lanky, awkward youth, with a shock of tow-colored hair and the longest of arms and legs, came forward to assist me at my horse. This feat he performed so dexterously that my dress was caught in the saddle, and I fell forward into his arms. I was mortified and indignant, supposing him to be a hired man, but judge of my amazement when I found that this awkward youth, who looked like nothing so much as a great green gosling, was none other than Horace himself, a real live writer."

"The family," continued the narrator, "lived in the most primitive fashion."

There were, of course no carpets, the tables were of pine, and each one dipped food from one great dish. Everybody washed at the same tin bowl outside on a bench. There were no partitions in the chamber, merely curtains hung up to separate the various beds. The chickens and turkeys were permitted to walk upon the doorsteps and even to enter the kitchen in so-called fashion. Amid such surroundings had Horace grown up. The family were too poor to afford candles, and so it was Horace's custom to tramp to the neighboring woods and bring huge pine knots for the fireplace. When these blazed up, the boy would throw himself down on the floor and read aloud to his mother as she sat spinning and eagerly listening, for it was to his mother Horace owed his love of knowledge.

"When he was first married and brought his bride home on a visit, a sugar party was given in their honor on a neighboring farm. All the guests had arrived, and we were looking out, watching for the belated bride and groom. At last we saw something appear in the distance. As this object came nearer we discovered it was the old white horse of the Greelys slowly picking his way through the mud. On his back sat the bride in a brilliant yellow frock with a golden velvet belt, and behind her, wrapped in her famous white overcoat, sat the editor of the New York Tribune. It was the funniest sight I ever saw and set us off in fits of laughter. I remember," concluded my informant, laughing again at her recollection, "that I simply lay down and rolled upon the floor in a spasm of mirth."

Mr. Greeley comes home every year, and after a day or two on the old farm would start out to walk miles and call on people, he was never known to knock at a farmhouse door. No matter whether he knew the inmates or not, he would push open the door, walk right in, sit down by the fire-place and talk and discuss crop and other topics dear to the farmer's heart. Everybody was glad to welcome this gentle, laconic intruder. Then, too, he always assumed his neighbors in a school or "meeting-house" and lectured to them on some popular topic. He was regarded with great veneration by these plain people—a veneration which at times deepened into awe. On one occasion after lecturing he immediately left the building, as he was to be carried to the train 20 miles away. He hastily brushed through the throng, and as he passed one dark old lady turned to another with a radiant face. "Why, don't you believe, he touched me?" she said in an almost breathless tone of benediction. That touch doubtless transfigured her homely existence.

Mr. Greeley was a zealous Universalist and believed that we get our punishment right along here every day. In view of this he took the story hitherto unpublicized and which was told me by a lifelong friend of the editor has a droll enough side. When he came home on these visits, he was of course constantly petitioned for favors and donations. One day a traveling missionary called upon him to ask financial aid to build another "meeting house."

"We need, all night long, the preparation of some editorial work and was not in any mood to be bothered. However, the missionary, who was an obtuse though excellent man, kept swaying away in his innumerable rocking chair. "We need, all this new, all-meeting house, brother Greeley, ah—so many good—going to hell."

"That's right!" said Mr. Greeley suddenly, of his pile of manuscript. "Good enough for them. Let 'em go. There don't half enough people go to hell."

And a long streak of cable telegrams might have been flying toward the gate as the shocked missionary rushed away from

such profanity. One can fancy the chuckle with which Greeley settled down to work.

Here is another story told by Thurlow Weed to the writer's father; Mr. Greeley had often urged Governor Seward to visit him and finally captured him one Saturday and took him to his place to spend Sunday. The two sat up until midnight talking, and then Greeley suddenly sprang up, saying:

"Seward, you'll sleep here," indicating the room, and without another word disappeared.

Next morning Seward wakened, and after waiting several hours to be called and hearing nothing, but feeling very distinctly the pangs of hunger, rose, dressed and ventured forth. He soon discovered his host sitting by a table, deeply engrossed in The Tribune, which he was holding in one hand, and with the other carrying a spoon to his lips from a bowl of corn mush and milk.

"Good morning, Greeley," said Seward. "I laid until I was tired out, and to tell the truth pretty hungry too."

"Well here, take this," said Greeley, and quickly shoved over his bowl of mush and milk to his astonished guest.

When the Greelys brought home their children, the neighborhood rang with stories of their eccentric bringing up. No one was allowed to speak to the children save in the presence of their mother. The little boys were never permitted to touch meat, and an unusual bureau was set apart as a playhouse for them. One drawer was filled with sand, and another with sawdust, and another with cornmeal. In these various substances the little Greelys swallowed and played. One can imagine what a rip-off all this would make in a quiet country neighborhood where babies were allowed to revel in mud pies.

Mr. Greeley was very anxious to make a newspaper man of his brother Barnes and offered him every inducement and advantage but Barnes preferred to remain on the farm and become the neighborhood oracle, teacher, arbiter of disputes, spiritual adviser and audacious disputant of orthodox tenets. It is his boast that he has disengaged and put to rout every one who has ever challenged him to religious discussion.

With a twinkle in his eyes he describes the flight of those with whom he has battled intellectually. The old gentleman reads a great deal and is interested in all the questions of the day. He lives and dresses in primitive fashion, goes barefooted in summer, wears an old army coat and a tall, comical hat, shaped like a clown's.

The writer drove to call on Mr. Greeley not long since and was received with a gentle, old-time courtesy. "I am always glad to see visitors," he remarked, "but sometimes I have to laugh at the people who come here and undertake to tell all about Horace. You see, they forget I was separated with him."

He asked about the statue of his brother in Park row. "I see it once," he said, "first time I'd been to New York for years. I shan't never go again," he added pathetically. "New York ain't the same place since Horace passed over."

The simple faith and love characteristic of this region was exemplified in the close of the conversation.

"Well, goodby, Barnes," said Horace's lifelong friend as we drove away. "If you go before I see you again, give my love to Horace."

"I will," said the last male representative of the family, standing looking after us, a lonely, pathetic old figure. "I will. He'll be glad to hear from you, Walter."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

How Fortunes Were Made and Lost Years Ago.

(Special Correspondence.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 8.—The present monetary stringency naturally brings to mind all former periods of financial disorder in the United States and all the early schemes for furnishing the country with a circulating medium. By the workings of the first of these \$400,000 worth of "continental money" was issued during the war of the Revolution, and this currency was never redeemed at par. The first issue took place in 1775, and \$100,000 of it was issued by the end of the following year. The collections made in various ways by the continental government canceled about one-half of the total amount, so that it is not likely that more than \$200,000 was in circulation at any one time. It did not reach that amount until it had so depreciated that congress was obliged to take it in and reissue it at the rate of 40 to 1 in specie.

It kept nearly at par during the first year, but it gradually fell in the public estimation until one time \$1,000 of it was offered for \$1 in coin, and after that it ceased to be looked upon as being of any value whatever. Workmen used to manifest their opinion of it by pasting it up on the walls of their shops, making caps of it and the like. Congress at one time offered to exchange loan certificates for the depreciated paper at 40 to 1, the same ratio as coin was offered at, but as the loan certificates themselves had fallen to eight for one this plan induced very few holders of the paper to take advantage of it.

In 1789, when the present constitution was formed, these loan certificates and various other evidences of the government's debt, fanned to meet war expenses, were redeemed at par, and many holders realized handsomely thereby. The total of these debt tokens was \$94,000,000, and this sum comprised the national debt.

It has been estimated that the loss occasioned by the depreciation of the continental money could have been paid had it been possible to distribute it by the levying of a tax of about \$1 a head upon each inhabitant for six years; and if this could have been done no one need have suffered beyond reasonable endurance. In the nature of things this distribution could not obtain, and financial ruin fell to the lot of many, while by reason of the final redemption of the loan certificates, etc., fortunes were made by a few. MARSHALL W. ISHAM.

The Army of the Tennessee.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its annual reunion at Chicago the week succeeding the G. A. R. encampment.

The massing of the veterans at Indianapolis and at the World's fair is the reason for selecting Chicago. The society met there in 1891 and held a grand reunion with a parade and banquet and took a prominent part in the exercises of unveiling the new Grant statue in Lincoln park.

The Domestic Service Question.

The problem of domestic service is one that is of the greatest interest to all housekeepers. On this Lucy C. Little gives her views in Godley's. She regards the difficulties experienced in obtaining efficient and faithful household servants as due to a faulty system. At the present time servants are regarded too much as machines, and there is too little real sympathy between them and their employers. In former times, when servants were "help," the difficulties that are now encountered did not exist.

Mrs. Little writes:

"There was a time in which the mistress of the house was its caretaker as well. Her 'maids' or 'maiden' were as much her charge as her own children, and they in turn treated her gentle rule as it deserved.

To be in 'domestic service' was honorable, as it should be. Quitting a position for any reason, man or woman carried with it the good will of the employer and generally speaking the friendship of the family."

That there will be no change for the better until old methods are reversed is the general opinion.

Boarding Cheaply.

A primitive scene recently took place at one of those boarding houses which very rarely advertised promise to keep guests cheaply. During the clattering removal of chipped plates before dessert, a bemused maid appeared in the kitchen doorway and recommended, "All keep your spoons!"

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NEWLY MARRIED COUPLES.

Why Is It, One Writer Asks, That So Many Strive to Hide Their Newness.

There is something about the look of a couple fresh from the honeymoon altar perhaps not altogether easy of description, but patent to every old hand at least. There are, however, signs that even the uninitiated can hardly fail to observe. There is, for instance, the general "getup" of a pair on honeymooning bent that is rarely ever seen on a less important occasion.

There is no mistaking the spick and span togetherness of the happy husband—those faultlessly cut, light-colored pants, that perfectly fitting coat and the fashionable tile that possesses a polish and a glory all its own. The traveling dress of the blushing bride, with her telltale dainty little bonnet—all these outward and visible signs tell their own pretty story, as the smiling pair await the train to whisk them off to bliss.

But why do newly married couples take such infinite pains to hide what is apparent to nearly everybody else? To keep from the world the knowledge that they are on their honeymoon is the aim of nearly every couple. For weeks before how to escape detection is their one engrossing thought, and all sorts of dodges are planned between them. Some couples flee into the metropolis and other crowded centers in the hope that amid the busy throng they will pass unnoticed; others choose scenes "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," trusting that in the seclusion of aardian solitudes few will discover their secret.

But these young innocents who fondly imagine that they can get through a honeymoon without detection leave out of their calculations many factors. There is the old and experienced railway servant who can spot out a newly married couple in the twinkling of an eye. He is always on the watch for them and should be squared at once. Then there is the wary hotel waiter, whose knowledge of the newly married seems intuitive. He knows them at a glance, to say nothing of the old landlady, who has had 'em before, you see, and knows all their little ways by heart.

Seldom is the error ever made of mistaking a couple of friends or cousins of the opposite sex, a brother and sister or a man and woman a twelvemonth married for a pair newly wed. When such as these travel together, their actions toward each other are perfectly natural, free and easy and of the everyday order. But not so with the newly wed. There is the proud sense of proprietorship beaming in the face of the husband and the chivion look in his eyes as others gaze upon her which seems to say, "Touch her you dare?" Then there are those acts of attention so demonstrative, in fact, as to fill her with confusion and to make her blush to the very roots of her hair, besides a thousand other little signs that cannot be mistaken.

The writer was so anxious to keep the fact dark that she was honeymooning that she "carted" her husband about to a fresh hotel every evening. Silly girl! She was letting the cat out of the bag to far more people than she could be content with the one place all the time.

Another couple rather courted company than otherwise as they set off on the rail-way journey by getting into a compartment fairly filled with people, settling down to a book each and taking no notice of each other. But unfortunately the lady dropped hers, and in her eagerness to pick it up herself she suddenly bent her head and from her bonnet fell a shower of rice at the feet of her astonished husband. Then a smile went around that compartment nearly loud enough to be heard in the next, and two at least of the company went very red and looked extremely embarrassed.

If newly married couples could only be convinced that all their scheming to hide the fact is but vain and to make up their minds to go through the ordeal of chaff and congratulations with smiling faces, they would save themselves a world of worry and disappointment and oftentimes from appearing ridiculous as well.—London Times.

A Picnic For Native Shrubs.

You cannot say too much in favor of planting our native shrubs," says Professor Stiles, the editor of Garden and Forest. "There is the spice bush of our northern woods, and the black birch, the red bud and the cornels, and the bird cherry, and the magnolia of our coasts; magnolia glauca, one of the most beautiful of all the magnolias known.

Chinese varieties blossom on bald stems before there is a sign of leaves, and they look as if they had the hair off, but our magnolias come out, the creamy white blossoms among the glossy new leaves, filling the air with fragrance. There is nothing like it.

"Our native laurels are beautiful shrubs, and our crabapple and oak leafed hydrangea of the Alleghany mountains. The mountain shrubs that run down into Virginia and Carolina are the home of the richest varieties, but every neighborhood has some magnolias, one of the most beautiful of all the magnolias known.

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INSURANCE STATEMENTS.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1892, OF THE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW YORK, MADE TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, IN PURSUANCE OF THE LAW OF VIRGINIA.

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